

# AN ADDRESS <sup>9.</sup>

DELIVERED AT

## THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING

OF

### THE QUEEN'S COLLEGE,

AT BIRMINGHAM,

ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1852;

BY

JOHN SANDFORD, B. D.

ARCHDEACON OF COVENTRY.

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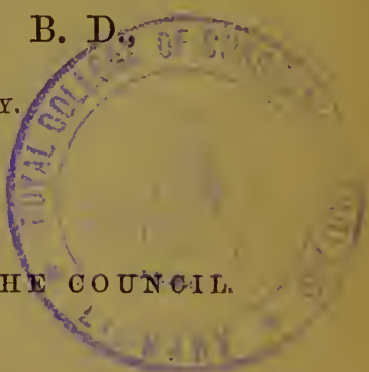
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BIRMINGHAM:

JOHN TONKS, NEW STREET.

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MDCCCLII.







## A D D R E S S .

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MR. CHAIRMAN,

When I consider who have preceeded me on similar occasions, and the importance of the theme on which I am to speak, I may well claim the indulgence, which will never be refused to one who endeavours, to the best of his ability, to discharge a duty at the call of others. And yet I should be unworthy of my office in the Church, and in the Council of this institution, did I shrink from addressing you. Certainly a Clergyman, and a member of an Educational body, should be ready, when required, to express his convictions on what, in its real, legitimate, and comprehensive sense and scope, we must feel to be of all subjects the most interesting and momentous—the education of immortal spirits. I say in its true and comprehensive sense; for happily it is not necessary for me to urge here, what is the growing and deepening conviction of all thoughtful and earnest minds—that the end, and therefore the business of education is not merely to unfold the intellect, furnish the head, and impart acuteness and dexterity in the pursuits and acquisitions of this world—to make clever mechanics, and smart men of business, and able practitioners of the medical and legal professions, or even accomplished theologians; but to cultivate, and discipline the heart—to elicit and

foster the ray divine ; to render present duties introductory to scenes far higher, and life on earth the vestibule of a nobler existence. To educate is not to teach, but to train—to develop affections, even more than faculties—to impart principles which will make a man conscientious, and pains-taking, and earnest, and large-hearted ; what he, whose teaching was of Gamaliel, but whose training of Christ, describes as “not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” And doubtless, much of our failure, and consequent disappointment as teachers, is referable to the very inadequate, I fear I must say, godless idea, which so long prevailed, as to what education is. And this, even after the educational movement of later days began—the aim being rather to sharpen the wit, and store the memory, than to keep God before the mind, to make His will the rule, and His approval the end of existence. I shall never forget a remark which fell some years ago, in my presence, from the lips of a great scholar, and a good man, the late Dr. Arnold, and which, indeed, revealed the secret of his own success as a teacher, when on being asked his opinion of the writings of a distinguished authoress, he replied, “they are deficient in what ought to be the essence of all teaching—the thought of God.”

Even the subject-matter of what was taught indicated misapprehension—a want of the real and practical, a losing sight of that actual business of life for which, to take the lowest view, education is preparatory. We can all remember when fluency in construing a Greek or Latin author, and writing Latin verse, was thought the sum of a learned education. To obtain scholastic and collegiate honors, you must have been versed in the dialects and inflexions of dead tongues, in the annals of Greece and Rome, in the constitutions of Athens and of the “City on the Seven Hills ;” but you might have known nothing of modern European literature and history, nothing of the speech or the transactions of men of your own day, nothing of the

laws and constitution of your own country ; might not have mastered the mysteries of the multiplication table, or the rule of three ; or have been able to east up a tradesman's account ; or have been even quite sure whether the town of Birmingham is in Warwicksire, or in Mesopotamia.

And as to the matters of more moment—the lore of Seripture, the knowledge of God, the ethies of the Gospel, the records and polity of the Christian Chureh, the code and principles of the faith by which we are to be saved—you might have known less of these than of Cicero, and Seneca, and Epictetus, or of the impostures of Pagan Mythology. I will say nothing of the morals of our Schools and Universities forty years ago, for I have no wish to disparage days gone by, or exalt, by comparison, those that are. Only when persons bemoan, as they sometimes do, the deeadence of piety and the decline of existing institutions, and would have us believe that the older we grow the worse we become in all things ; when our own reminiscences of School and College, of the state of society, and of the state of the Church, shew such a change for the better, such progress and improvement, such a blessed and edifying, and God-caused amelioration—it always sounds to me as if the traveller by the rail were to sigh for the days of broad-wheeled waggons ; and reminds me of an old lady, whom I once heard deploring the degencracy of religion, since the time when there was only one service in the parish-church on Sundays, and the inhabitants used to dine together on that day, and drink to “no hymn-books, no Methodists, no new lights of any sort.”

Now, Sir, I am not a believer in the perfectibility of any of the systems under which we live, nor of man himself in this existing world ; but I can look baek for nearly fifty years myself, and I have heard details from those older, and when I compare the intellectual, moral, and religious advantages of the present generation with those of that which went before,—nay,

and I say it not with pride, but humility,—when I compare what my own children are, with what, in boyhood, I was myself, I have no words to express my hopes for my age and country, or my gratitude to God. I am hardly old enough to introduce objurgations with “when I was young;” but when I do begin to rate my juniors, it will be for not improving their transcendent privileges.

No one, indeed, Sir, of right mind, will speak of the Schools and Universities of our land without reverence and affection, without a sense of the benefits they have conferred on learning and religion, without awe for the illustrious and venerable names with which they have been identified since the days of Alfred. To name one of these time-honored institutions, is to stir deep the heart of every one who is conversant with the literature or the annals of his country. Far be from us any words disparaging, or thoughts undutiful, towards Seats of learning, to which some of us have been so much, and, but for our own fault, might have been more beholden. We would only record with thankfulness their improvement; would only wish to see their means of doing good developed and extended, and all that impedes their usefulness done away with; and the piety which founded and enriched them find imitators, in our own day, and amongst ourselves. And when such do appear, we would desire to follow in their steps—to be like the founders of former days, and the benefactors of our own; to do our utmost that the ennobling pursuits and sublime consolations of learning, the blessings of sound, systematic religious teaching and training, may be within the reach of every one who gives promise of intellectual and moral superiority—however humble his origin, or narrow his circumstances.

To vindicate the objects and the principles of the Institution which brings us together to-day, is happily no longer necessary. Rather do we meet to record its progress, to witness its efficiency



to signalize the industry and attainments which it has been instrumental in fostering—may I not add, to bless God for the philanthropy which founded, the munificence which endowed, the unfaltering and self-sacrificing zeal which has encouraged, sustained, and carried it through.

If, Sir, the man who plants a tree, or multiplies the blades of grass, and thus promotes the growth of vegetation, is justly deemed a benefactor, what shall we say of him who would enlarge the province of the mind, extend the domain of thought, bring the fruitage of the tree of knowledge, nay, of that tree of which “the leaves are for the healing of the nations,” within *their* reach who, with appetite and aptitude to enjoy, have been hitherto debarred by the accident of their birth, or the obstruction of their poverty. To augment the food of physical existence, and cheapen the bread that perisheth, is a great thing ; and to have striven for and conceded this, when ephemeral prejudices and conflicts shall have passed away, will be reckoned amongst the triumphs of reason and religion, in an age all rich in them. And yet, great as are such boons, what are they in comparison with those, which take the embargo from knowledge, disimprison mind, facilitate pursuits and sympathies which civilize and fraternize mankind, and cheapen and disseminate “the bread which cometh down from Heaven, and endureth unto everlasting life?”

Sir, it is easy to applaud when a scheme is successful—to share a triumph when victory is secured ; and one is continually reminded of our great lexicographer’s definition—“is not” he wrote, “a patron one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground encumbers him with help?” The founders and early friends of this Institution will exclaim, that they were never without sympathy and encouragement, and recite with thankfulness the co-operation vouchsafed to them. But we know that in this, as in all undertakings for man’s good and God’s glory, there will

have been discouragements and obstructions; cold water and faint praise; and the hanging-back, till the shore was reached, before the hand was stretched out to aid. In a country like ours, where enthusiasm is thought almost criminal, with the many it will always be, *not* is the thing right, and is it called for, but is it likely to succeed? And therefore the more glorious the ventures, which are the characteristic of the truly great, and make human works of price in God's eyes! Other men may build, but who laid the foundation? Others will enter into the labour, but who laboured first? When the mustard-seed has become a tree, and the rivulet a river, and what was begun in weakness and in sinking of heart has waxed great, and as a School of Medicine, and of Science, and of Law, and of Theology, this once humble College shall have taken its place amongst time-honored seats of learning, future generations will recall their first benefactors. Or should, my friends, your names be forgotten; whilst your work remains to bless—as with the holy and beautiful Houses of God in our land, where successive generations admire and worship, without knowledge or thought of the head which planned, the hands that reared; yet will not your work be in vain in the Lord,—for others will reap what you have sown, others imitate the example of munificence which you have set them. And just as evil is contagious and self-producing, surviving to poison, and to blight, and to curse, while the world lasts, so are the principles, and examples, and harvests of the good. Thought most animating, but most awe-inspiring! showing us the true value, yet also the dread responsibilities of this life; stamping even common words and actions with such inexpressible importance—teaching us, “shadows of a shade,” who are “crushed before the moth,” that even in this our ephemeral existence we may be fellow-workers with God, and exercise an influence on ages yet unborn.

Sir, the course of study pursued at Queen's College, and the



advantages proposed in it to industrious and intelligent youth, have been so fully and ably expounded by others, on occasions similar to the present, that it would be superfluous to dilate upon them now. Enough to know, that the student may be there instructed in the principles of science and of art; in the properties of herbs, and the laws of chemical affinity; in engineering and architecture; in the organization and functions of the human frame; in pharmacy, and surgical manipulation, and pathology; may learn as a medical practitioner to arrest and heal disease, assuage pain, prolong life; or as an engineer, to construct the level, and excavate the tunnel, and plant the rail, and propel the locomotive,—to span the yawning chasm, and scale the dizzy height, and graduate the declivity; or as an architect, to rear works, stately, colossal, and enduring, or of gossamer and fairy lightness, and crystal translucency; in a word, how to minister in a thousand ways, to the convenience, the embellishment, and the intercourse of life; and without any magic, but that of genius and of science, to realize the fictions of Oriental hyperbole, and even surpass the genii of the lamp and of the ring, by only rivalling the achievements of Watt, and Stephenson, and Paxton.

Here, also, may the student be instructed in the history of other countries, and the laws and institutions of his own—may imbibe the spirit of a jurisprudence which, based upon eternal principles of right, has been moulded to meet the varying circumstances and growing exigencies of the country and the age; so as to secure the interests of property, and yet accord with the humanizing influence of religion; and thus administer justice to all alike, high and low, rich and poor.

Here, too, it may be hoped, he will learn to appreciate, and therefore to venerate and love, the form of government under which it is his happiness to live, and which has made England what she is. And as he apprehends the genius of our unrivalled Constitution, and learns from its up-growth the nascent

and revivrescent power of freedom, and his heart glows with the consciousness of English citizenship, he will contract a keener sense of his privileges and responsibilities as a subject of the British Crown. And seeing how the rights of the prince and the people are identified—how the monarchy is beloved, because it is constitutional—how the representative system is a guarantee for the security of the Throne and the liberties of the subject, he will understand why his own country is exempt from the contests which rend, and the commotions which convulse other lands; from the periodical regurgitations of social and political reaction, which manifest themselves, at one time in the excesses of revolutionary licentiousness, and at another in the equally spasmodic and irrational, but more degrading paroxysms of national subserviency. And it may be hoped that he will mark, learn, and inwardly digest, that the progressive improvement which every intelligent and good man must desire, and would labour to help forward, is not to be effected amongst ourselves by anarchical theories, and Utopian schemes, and rash organic changes; but by the diffusion of sound views, the development of civil rights; by the timely correction of whatever is clearly an abuse; by the gradual amelioration which reason and religion, profiting by the lights of experience, and operating through public opinion, are sure, in a land like this, sooner or later, to effect constitutionally, and by law.

Farther; and for this I chiefly bless God—in connection with this College, future servants of the Church will be instructed and trained for their holy, responsible, and blessed work; will be taught themselves that they may teach; and, under the direction of one experienced, learn lessons, which by the grace of God, may influence for good their future walk and teaching, even qualifying them to be faithful stewards of God's mysteries, and expounders of His word; and, in these eventful and anxious days, to resuscitate, and build up, and extend Christ's Church.

For me to enlarge, Sir, on all such topics now, would be unsuitable. But as one conversant with the educational systems of England and Scotland I may perhaps be permitted to bear my testimony, inferentially, to the claims of an institution which appears to me to combine many of the advantages of both. Before I studied and graduated at Oxford, I had been an alumnus of the schools and colleges of the North. I also had a brother, who after reaping the highest honors of an English University, and earning the esteem of compeers,—who lived longer to benefit the world, winning for themselves a higher rank than mere title can confer, and by whom his memory is still had in honor,—as a Professor, gave an impulse to classical literature in Scotland which will long be remembered. I can carry my recollections back to an Edinburgh school—not the Academy, from which the plebeian element has been eliminated, but the High School of Adams and Ritchie, and Pillans and Carson—conducted on what I understand to be the model of the noble foundation here, resuscitated by Jeune, extended by Lee, and still sustained by Gifford, and in which there is that fusion of classes which seems to me so beneficial to both; where in the kindly associations and generous rivalries of youth, in that arena in which diligence, and proficiency, and goodness are the only criteria, boys of different ranks learn to admire, and to esteem, and to trust one another. It is well that there should be a platform on which, at least in the days of ingenuous youth, men may meet, with no distinction between them, but those of moral worth and intellectual ability. Forty years have elapsed since I sat myself on the same form with two boys, the one just above me, the other the head-boy of the class; and though the last time I saw them, the one was behind a counter, and the other carrying a hod, I still think of them with respect and affection.

And so afterwards, in the lecture-rooms of Glasgow, where youths of all ranks and countries are commingled, some of them,

I remember, gaunt of limb and swarth of visage, all ignorant of what our Transatlantic brethren call "withering conventionalities," but keen of intellect, of earnest mind, athirst for learning, working hard and living hard, and after the six months' session returning to the farm or the hill-side, to earn, by labour of hand and sweat of face, the cost of another academic course. Do any assert that by such association, the tone is deteriorated? I know my heart was enlarged—that I learned to revere industry and earnestness of soul, wherever found—to take a truer view of the responsibilities of station—to bear in mind that those, by the force of circumstances and the award of Providence, low in the social scale, may be high in all that constitutes a man—to anticipate the day which, reclaiming trusts, and reckoning for talents lent, shall strip the disguises, and level the distinctions of this world, and deal with every man on the score of his individual accountableness, and render to Lazarus and to Dives, according as his work has been. You will not wonder that with such antecedents and such recollections, I should delight to see knowledge cheapened; and desire to co-operate in schemes for extending, as far as may be, to all classes of our countrymen, the advantages of College education. I would add that I rejoice, that while you have adopted from Scotland and from Germany what experience teaches me to be the benefit of the professorial chair, you have combined with it in your Institution, what is of infinite importance, but in which the Scottish Universities are wanting—the supervision and the discipline of the English Collegiate system.

There is one department in Queen's College in which I may be expected, as a clergyman, to take a special interest, in providing which Dr. Warneford has put a fitting crown on his work—I mean the endowment of a Theological Chair. I speak as a Christian, when I applaud the religious character of the entire Institution—the making Christianity its foremost feature—the incorporating it with the whole frame-work and fabric



—and writing on threshold and portico, “the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.” I speak as a Churchman, when I commend the manliness and the consistency of identifying the principles and doctrines of our national communion with what is strictly a national institution. From no merely professional feeling—with no sectional prepossessions, or exclusiveness, I rejoice that, without any wish to dictate or debar, our founders have prescribed the distinct and definite teaching, and affixed the seal of the English Church to a College devised, endowed, and carried through by Churchmen. But I speak as christian, churchman, and minister, when I applaud the foundation of a Theological Chair, for the special education and training up of those who are to hold the honorable, but onerous, and responsible office of messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord.

That the necessity of such formative process—such distinct, preparatory education for Holy Orders,—is increasingly felt, surely indicates the revival and deepening of religion amongst us. The wonder is, that we should not always have recognized the need of such training; that for the most difficult, delicate, and momentous of all offices we should not have required that special and distinctive education, which is insisted on in every other walk of life. It only shows the preponderance which we give, practically, to the things of this life over things eternal. We require professional training in all to whom we intrust interests terrene—the management of our estates, the exposition of our laws, the construction of our edifices, the care of our bodies; for law, and medicine, and architecture, and engineering—in short, all purposes civil, secular, of this earth. We do not turn men out to experimentalize on our persons or properties. If only a finger, or a tooth ache, we must have the first medical advice; and on what touches our pockets we insist on an opinion from the highest legal authority.



We do not consider it enough that practitioners should have good natural abilities, and have enjoyed a superior general education ; in them we require special preparatory study, and profound professional knowledge. I quite believe the education at our Universities to be first-rate—that the culture of mind, and the high tone of gentlemanlike feeling which may be learnt there, are the best substratum on which to rear the professional superstructure. On consulting a friend of legal eminence, the other day, as to the best education for the bar, he said at once, “one of the Universities.”—but he added “then a solicitor’s or a conveyancer’s office.” And therefore I rejoice that the youth of Birmingham have so near at hand, and at a diminished cost, the advantages of a College education—and this, not so much for the actual amount of knowledge which they may carry hence, as for the moral and mental training—the spirit of application, and the power of saying “no”—which may be acquired there. But then over and above this, beside the Language, and History, and Ethics, and Mathematics—and what is of higher moment still, the *ηθος* to be acquired in an academic course—to qualify a man for Holy Orders, to fit him to expound the Scriptures, to deal with hearts, and consciences, and souls, to thread his way through doctrinal contrarieties, and rubrical ambiguities, and party and professional prepossessions ; and, in days like these, to exercise influence over those of whom he is the authorized instructor, his own mind should have been exercised and furnished on the subject of his mission. If he has no matured opinions of his own, he should have at least consulted the writings of our great Divines. If he have not taken the journey himself—and how little comparatively can any young man know of that experimental Divinity—which is the highest of all—but which can be learnt only in the wrestlings of the closet, and in the conflicts, the sufferings, the miscarriages, and recoveries of what has been well called “the battle of life,”—

he should at least have consulted a road-book, and gleaned intelligence from those competent to afford it, before he undertakes to guide his fellows in a path, in which to wander is to perish.

What wonder, Sir, that we hear of such derelictions and defections—that Rome triumphs in the inconstancy of even ministers of our communion; that we are at times pained by the headiness and self-sufficiency of our younger Clergy? It is because men are shallow, that they are pragmatists; because they have looked on only one side the shield, that they are pugnacious; because they “measure themselves by themselves, and compare themselves among themselves,” that they are not wise; and fancy themselves giants, when they are but pigmies. We are often reminded of Archbishop Leighton’s reproof to a youthful Divine who accosted him with “My Lord, there is a passage in Scripture which I do not understand,”—“there are a great many passages, young gentleman, which pass my comprehension.” Would they but study Ecclesiastical History, they would see that opinions, which fascinate them by their novelty, are but exploded errors—that when they think they have made discoveries in Theology, they have but resuscitated heresies—that the flowery margin on which they stray, and fancy a mine of wealth, is but an extinct or still smouldering crater. Would they study our old Divines, those masters of thought and diction, “whose very dust is gold”—digging deep and drinking deep, instead of borrowing their views from ephemeral periodicals and party journals, they would learn that arguments which are represented as unanswerable, have been answered a thousand times—that what is designated primitive is but mediæval; that it is their ignorance which renders the one redoubtable, their imaginativeness which make the other attractive—that learning and experience, like Ithuriel’s lance, would detect the counterfeit and dispel the illusion.

Sir, it was at no time justifiable or safe to leave our teachers

untaught—to commit trusts, of all the weightiest, to babes in Christ; but now, it is suicidal. The world is instinct with intelligence, athirst for information, restless, if you will, and insatiable in enquiry; taking nothing upon trust, but bent on proving all things; sceptical of even what has been justified by experience; impatient, if not scornful, of what has nothing to plead but prescription. The Church must rise to the emergency. Its learning, its teaching, its labours, its practice must, at least, keep pace with the spirit and requirements of the age. I do not say, if it would be respected—if it would retain its titles and its temporalities—if it would stand in the hour of approaching trial; but if it would do its Master's work, and maintain His cause, and vindicate its claims as His institution—and not be a confusion to its friends, and a prey to its enemies. Its ministry must be felt to be no shelter for ignorance, no sinecure for indolence and self-indulgence, no mere passport to gentility, no profitable professional investment, no “refuge for the destitute;” but a work sacred, awful, laborious—calling for high attainments, true devotedness, single aims—to be sought, not for its emoluments and its preferments, but for its means of usefulness. Our object should be to introduce into our ministry men of earnest minds and simple habits; to supply them not merely with counsel for their inexperience, and teaching for their ignorance, but examples which may gain their love and kindle their imitation. They must be familiarised with not only the *ἐξηγησις* but the *ασκησις*; that is, not merely the theory, but the practice of religion. And this surely is a plea for planting your department in a place like this—amidst the sights and sounds of teeming, busy, suffering human life—rather than amidst the scenes and associations of our Universities, or even under the shadow of our venerable and cloistered Cathedrals. For in this, as in all else, we have Him for our example, whose vigils were spent in seclusion, but whose work was among the sons of men—in the night on the mount, but in the day in the

city. And our mission is to man, as we find him in this hard-working and sin-vexed world ; and if in scenes like this the Church of a former age was wanting, is it not here that we are to make reparation ?

“ These gracious lines shed Gospel light  
 “ On Mammon’s gloomiest cells,  
 “ As on some city’s cheerless night  
 “ The tide of sunrise swells,  
 “ Till tower, and dome, and bridge-way proud  
 “ Arc mantled with a golden cloud ;  
 “ And to wise hearts this certain hope is given,  
 “ “ No mist that man may raise shall hide the eye of Heaven.” ”

And now, Sir, I should at once conclude, for I have too long occupied attention, were there not another department of this College which calls especially for the sympathy of the clergy—I mean that which provides for the cure, or at least alleviation, of sufferings which we are so often called to commiserate, but have, alas, no power to relieve. I have often felt, if I were not a clergyman, I should wish to be a medical man ; if I were not a physician of the soul, I should wish to be a physician of the body. Were it not my mission to deal with moral maladies, and spirit-wounds, and soul-sicknesses, with the anatomy of the inner man—to minister to minds diseased—I should study to resemble my Redeemer in curing physical infirmity, and assuaging pain, and healing them that have need of healing. Our Lord did both—nay, more, He bore our sicknesses and carried our sorrows ; and this, that He might sympathize with, and heal both. We read, that “ He went about teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom ; and healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people ;” that “ they brought unto Him all that were sick, and all that were taken with divers diseases and torments ; and He healed them.” And as we cannot doubt that the mechanical improvements, and chemical discoveries, by which medical science has been signalized of late,—which simplify operations,



and abbreviate and lull pain, when they do not prevent it, are from Him—still less can we discredit His presence with those, who may be seen exploring, on errands of mercy, scenes of loathsome disease and squalid misery,—from which even ministers of Christ have been known to shrink,—that they may carry medical relief, “without money, and without price,” to the poor, the destitute, and the dying. I could speak of many now alive, thus imbued with their Master’s spirit and imitating His example, and as much distinguished for their beneficence as their skill—of one amongst ourselves, who, whatever may be his fame as a Professor, will be better known and loved as the benefactor of the distressed, the patron of science and of art, the cheapener and diffuser of knowledge, the coadjutor of Lyttelton and Law, the friend of Warneford, the founder of a College and a Hospital. But not to eulogise the living, I would mention one, who early imbued me with reverence for his profession, and is always associated in my mind with a suffering relative, whom he treated with the tenderness of a son—whose kindness made his visits doubly welcome—the pious and intellectual Abercromby; of whom, though the member of another communion, a Scottish Prelate used to say, that he valued him even more as a friend than a physician; and who, I trust, is now with him, where the intricacies of science and theology which they discussed so amicably together, are unravelled; where there is “no more sickness, and no more pain;” and where sympathy with suffering is exchanged for fellowship in bliss.

One word, in conclusion, to the students of this Institution, some of whom I see decorated with well-earned badges of distinction, and am to congratulate on their success; many more of whom, I trust, I may felicitate upon their industry and attainments, reminding them,

*Non tam turpe vinci, quam contendisse decorum;*

and towards all of whom I may be permitted to express feelings



of the most friendly interest. On an occasion like the present, indeed, I cannot but recall the words of him who trained the early mind of the immortal Luther, "I never behold an assemblage of students without anticipating their destination—without seeing in them the future scholars, and philosophers, and physicians, and divines, and statesmen, who are to instruct, adorn, and benefit the world; and who, even at school and college, afford prognostics of what they are to be." I wish I could impress upon you, if this is needed, the incalculable value of these early days, of the studies in which you are now engaged, of the character you are now establishing, of the foundation on which will be reared the superstructure of the future life—for even a "child may be known by his ways;" how much more is the youth the father of the man! I wish I could impart to you the fruits of my own experience. God knows, if we ever wish to renew our strength, and live over again the days that are past, it is not to prolong life in a world where the heart is to be disciplined by sorrow; but that we might better improve our advantages, and redouble our diligence, and make greater progress in piety and learning. You will never regret, my young friends, the efforts or the self-denial you practice now. Your only grief will be if you have neglected opportunities of acquirement, and not done your best to qualify yourselves for the earnest work of future life. Be not discouraged by present difficulties, nor damped by having to make your own way. Be sure that a life of professional labour is the happiest. "If I were to live over again," said to me the other day, one whose fortune precluded the necessity of exertion, but who has improved, better than any man I know, the leisure thus afforded, "I would study day and night for a profession." You will have no cause to regret that you were not born to affluence, if you are earnest in your pursuits, and realize the spirit in which the artist spoke, when on contemplating a master-piece of

kindred genius he exclaimed, "and I, too, am a painter." Above all, shun vice, which will soil and check the genial current of the soul, for no man can be truly great who is not virtuous. Try to environ yourselves with illustrious memories, with examples of living worth, with thoughts of God. Strive to resemble your great compatriot, of whom, however brilliant his achievements and imperishable his fame, the proudest distinction will ever be, that he was "a man of duty." And though you cannot hope to fill, like him, a conspicuous page in the history of the world, you will, at least, have the testimony of an approving conscience, the respect of your contemporaries, and the future blessing of Almighty God. And, "may your path be as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day!"